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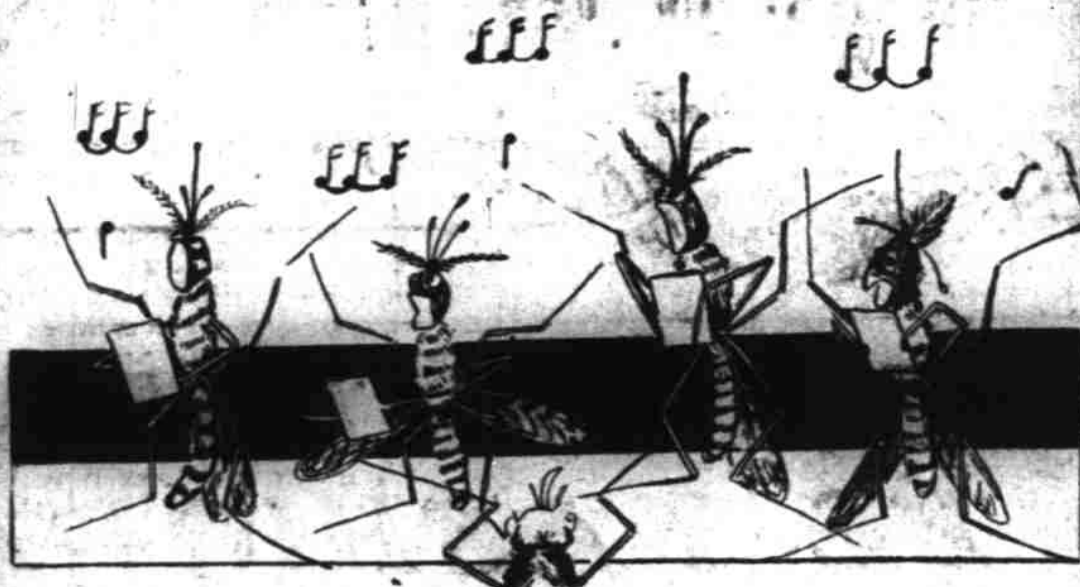
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SONGS OF THE MOSQUITO SUNG TO GARBAGE MAN



Mary had a little bite
Upon her tiny nose
(Who has not watched the little bud
Become a full blown rose?)

She carried it to school next day,
Or perhaps she followed it;
And when the teacher saw it there
She nearly had a fit.

And said to her, go straight back
home
And put a poultice on;
But Mary lingered by the way
In fear of mustard strong.

Dear Mary's gone, where nevermore
Mosquitoes bark and bite,
And hanging on her little tomb
Is a leaf of pink and white.

Dr. Pratt has gone to Hilo,
Several others in his train,
To persuade the suffering public
Waikiki swamps to drain.

Can he do it? Much I doubt it,
Waikiki ponds are wide.
Little cares the general public
What mosquito pricks its hide.

It was many, many years ago
In a kingdom, by the sea,
And ne'er a mosquito had reached
that shore
To torture the heathen and me.
If it's Paradise now, what was it then?
This beautiful Arcadia.

You could sleep all night on the lanai
mat
To the tune of the ocean roar;
There wasn't a rat or even a cat
To disturb your peaceful snore;
And banana trees rustled and bore
you fruit
Close by the bungalow door.

And this is the reason that long ago
In this kingdom by the sea
That the people lived to the ripe old
age

Of a hundred and twenty-three,
And were quietly put away in a cave.
As mummified as could be;
For nature makes her own sepulchers
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels were not more happy in
heaven
Than Kealoa and me
As we sailed the outrigger or fished
for squid
In the beautiful billowy sea,
Or weeded the jaro by the light of
the moon
And sang the song of the free.

But life is a strange, unsettled thing
With its "Fate" and "Destiny."
Why came the mosquito to Paradise?
Must be solved by one wiser than
we.

Why were they let loose from where
they dwell?
These demons from under the sea.
Alas for the days that are no more
In my beautiful Arcadia.

—A Kamaaina.

SUNSET AT WAIKIKI.

I sit on my quiet lanai,
O'er looking the azure sea.
(A mosquito glides over my forehead,
Another has crawled to my knee.)

The god of the day is dusting
The world with powder of gold.
(A swarm of Anopheles maculipennis
Their wings in this wonder unfold.)

He's flirting with each little cloud-
let
That clusters around his head.
(There's one crawling under my col-
lar.)

(Thank goodness THAT one is dead.)
He's saying his evening devotions
As he sinks between sea and sky.
(Pilikia! Another mosquito
Has batted me right in the eye.)

Flashes of lingering colour
Reflect in the round silver moon.
(If another mosquito dares bite me,
I declare I'll be ready to swoon.)

Aloha oe till tomorrow,
My warmest of tropical friends.
(They're swarming around me in mil-
lions,
There's banana trees where the road
bends.)

This was probably found somewhere
near Schofield Barracks—from the
marshalling and marching of words—
though not so good as some other
poems from that quarter.

Buy little brown mosquito,
Swiftly darting to and fro;
Light and airy,
As a fairy,
Upward, downward,
Hither, thither,
Singing gaily as it goes!
Where it will it quickly goes;
Its proboscis always plying,
Scarcely pausing in its flying;
What a flizling!
What a droning!
What a moaning!
As the dainty little demon
Spreads some dark and filthy venom.
Come they single,
Come they double;
How they mingle!
Making trouble,

Every horror!
In profusion,
Every motion!
And confusion!
While bacteria they're mingling,
With a most unpleasant tingling—
While you read or calmly snore,
Or expletives ex tempore—
The mosquito on the hustle
Is hither, thither in the bustle.

Swiftly darting to and fro;
Mid the noise and wild confusion,
Well the hussy seems to know,
As she makes the poison go,
When each potion
Needs promotion,
When each fusion
Adds confusion,
And the worst results will show.
Plying daily,
Singing gaily,
Every night they're on the hustle,
Every day a few still bustle.

Busy little brown mosquito,
Gaily darting to and fro;
Do you ever pause to wonder
If your victim does not know?
As you from a leper go—
You can take the deadly virus
To a goddess fair as Iris.
Microbes hiding,
Germs abiding,
All your mystery
Now is history,
And we know the reason why
Saint and sinner meekly die—
'Tis the poison that you ply.

See the little brown mosquito
Gaily darting to and fro;
Ever, ever on they go—
Drinking from the blood of sages—
Drinking where the pestilence rages—
Drinking death in all its stages—
Ever, ever he pillages
Where the throbbing red blood flows,
Leaving off a trail of woes
Whirling through the circulation,
To its utmost limitation,
Starting up a febrile motion,
And you shiver,
And you quiver,
Upward, upward,
Goes the fever—
Perhaps its duplicate, quotidian,
Acting like a wild comedian,
Chills and fever, chills and fever,
From the little brown deceiver;
Pores a-dripping,
Pulse-beats skipping;
Hot and burning,
Twisting, turning,
Then as cold as icy river,
Cold and wet, you faint and shiver.

And the little brown mosquito,
Gaily darting to and fro,
Mid the bustle and confusion,
Fills again his cup of woe.

Then another,
And another,
And each fusion
Adds confusion,
As the grand results will show;
And the Nations,
Kings and Stations,
Upward, downward,
Hither, thither,
LET THE LITTLE CREATURE GO.

Idiotious Ordinarius
Felt some pricks upon his forehead,
Felt the spots grow hot and itchy,
As he pondered in his office,
How to make one dollar, four,

Felt some bubbles in his think-tank,
Heard a sound of distant buzzing,
Not unlike a Latin prayer,
He was just an ordinary Ijiti
Using Latin when he swore,
Words without a grain of meaning,
Are impressive now and then
'Ad Captandum Vulgus' a hem!

Really jolly chap, this idiot
With a hearty soulful Ha-Ha,
Like the bubbling of good champagne,
As it gurgles from the bottle.
Like the soulless woodland echo,
Always charming in the distance,
Like the purring of a kitten,
After eating a canary,

Like the grin of saucy urchin,
As he peels a prickly pear
Like the poet's delectation,
As he bumps against the cloudlets,
Just an ordinary Idiot
There are many, many more,
Sitting in their office chairs,
Joyfully, Stegomiyia fasciata
Sipped the ruby eau de vie
From the Idiot's dripping forehead—
Saying in mosquito lingo
'I prefer Lapra multilans
Or Plasmodium malariale'
However, Mercé—au revoir.

THE PAIN.

(Given to the Garbage Man by the
Kona Nightingales.)
From o'er the earth there comes a
strain,
Louder it echoes than the Main,
In fruitless efforts to explain
"The pain, the pain."

Down through all ages comes the
sound
Its victims littering the ground.
Not one escapes the bitter cup
Of woe that's ever filling up.

Oh was there ever such mirthless
story,
Does any know a tale more hoary?
Trillions of groans are saddening its
air.
Supplications from every where.

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Tingeing the earth with a ghastly
hue,
The darkest shadows the world
ever knew.
Hear! o'er the mountains the death
bells are tolling.
Hot bleeding feet, and battle drums
rolling.
The whole broad world is stirred with
emotion
As fearful and powerful as storm o'er
the ocean.
List! to the song that sorrow is
singing,
Its pain and its pathos forever are
ringing.
To help the suffering here on the
earth.
Be merry, dear comrades, joy's a
beautiful thing.
"Long live the kind master and long
live the King.
Yes! fill up your cups, be they green,
red, or yellow,
And drink to the health of the jolly
good fellow"
But remember the man drunk with
sorrow and pain,
Remember the dregs are bitter to
drain,
Remember that Life carries Death
in its train,
And "cause and effect" is the popular
refrain.

(From the French.)
There's nothing quite so hard to bear
As the constant pricking of a pin.
There's nothing dreads the daylight
giare,
As the subtle, quiet, hidden sin.

(Found near Punahou.)
A mosquito once lived in Hawaii,
A mosquito decidedly sly.
When he found a good bite,
He held on very tight,
"Verbum sat Sapienti."

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